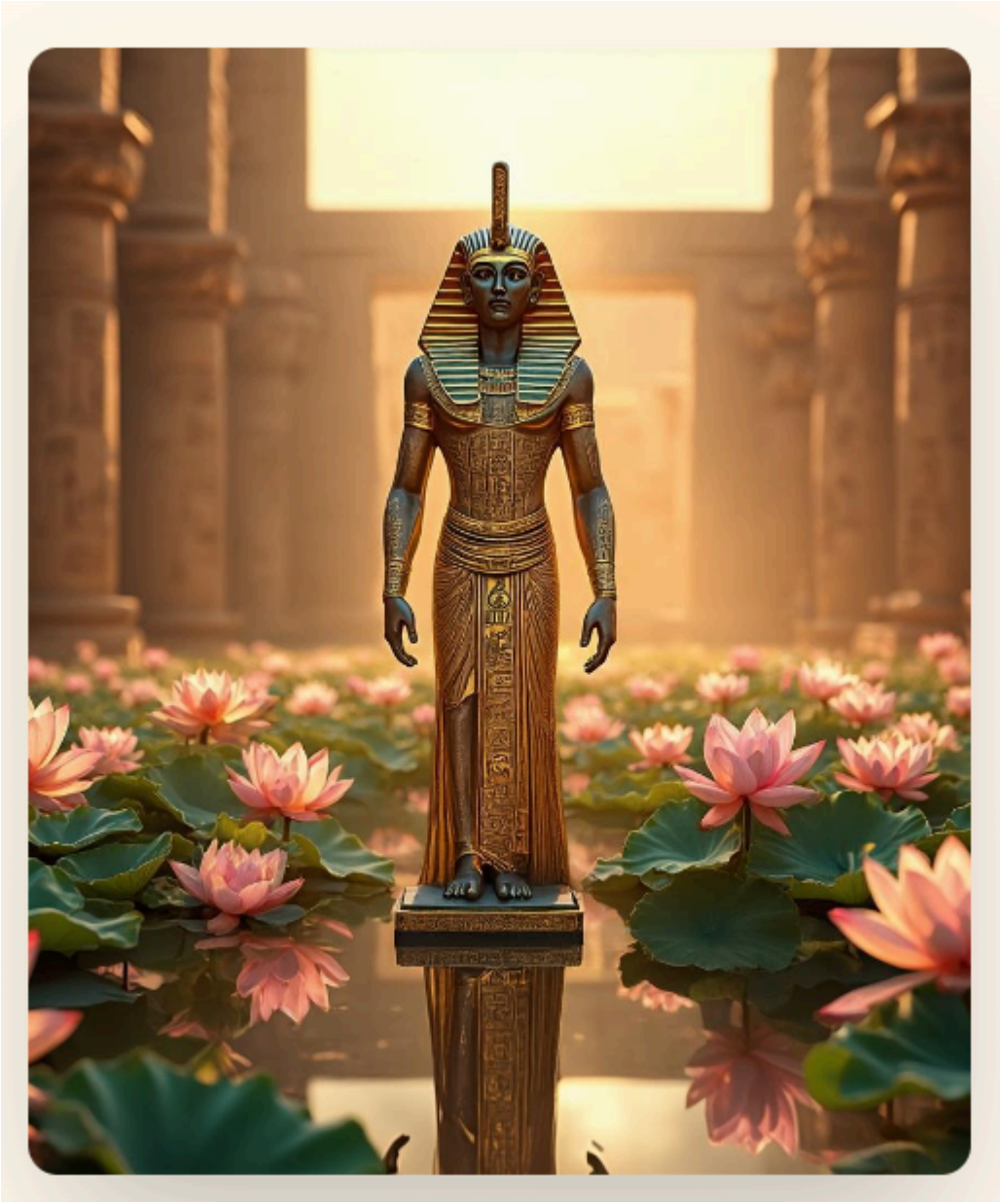
# Ankh Ra – The Songs of Mirrors

Translated from Arabic



By: Ankh Ra

# Table of Contents

## The First Song


- Ankhera – A Song in the Stone Corridors
- The First Mirror: The Voice of Stone
- The Second Mirror: The Woman of the Red Chamber
- The Third Mirror: The River that Devours Time
- The Fourth Mirror: The Flow of Consciousness
- The Fifth Mirror: Philosophy


## The Second Song


- The First Mirror: The God – The Hidden Voice
- The Second Mirror: Worship – The Silent Procession
- The Third Mirror: Suffering – Blood and Shadow
- The Fourth Mirror: Ankhera – The Song of Datana
- The Fifth Mirror: The Mirror of the Inner Being


## The Final Song


- The First Mirror: The Return
- The Second Mirror: Childhood – The Water Lotus
- The Third Mirror: War – The Blood of the Sun
- The Fourth Mirror: Wisdom – The Silence of the Stars
- The Fifth Mirror: Love – The Red Chamber
- The Sixth Mirror: Death – The Last River
- The Seventh Mirror: Immortality – The Song of the Nile


**The Manuscript – The Song of Mirrors**

# The First Song

## Ankh Ra – A Song in the Stone Corridors

Ankh Ra was nothing more than a young man from the sons of Thebes, yet in his own eyes he was the shadow of a lotus flower opening upon the Nile at dawn.

His face was soft like moist clay after the flood, and his eyes were two blue mirrors catching the image of the sky before daylight swallowed it.

## The First Mirror: The Voice of Stone

One night, Ankh Ra sat among the walls of an abandoned temple. The statues were smiling, yet their smile was heavy, like an eyelid that does not wish to rise.

The incense, lingering for a thousand years, still burned in his chest, clinging to him as dew clings to the wing of a broken bird.

He heard the stone whisper: “We are the dream that turned to stone, and you are the stone that longs to become a dream.”

## The Second Mirror: The Woman of the Red Chamber

In his memory, or in his dream, or perhaps in his illusion, a woman appeared. She wore a crimson robe, like embers rising from the ashes of night.

With her, he entered a chamber he had never seen in Thebes before: its walls were painted with fish swimming out of water, and moons hanging like pomegranate fruits.

She said to him: “The red chamber is not a chamber; it is your heart, when it remembers what has not yet happened.”

He drew close to her, but his body suddenly grew heavy, as if his feet had turned into stakes driven deep into the soil of the valley.

In that moment he realized: Love is not the meeting of two bodies, but a mirror consumed by light until it becomes a shadow.

## The Third Mirror: The River That Devours Time

The Nile lay before him, stretching like a serpent that does not know death. The water shimmered, not like silver, but like memory.

Every wave carried a familiar face: his mother, his father, the children who once played with him in the fields, the soldiers whose blood he saw on the walls of Memphis.

He heard an inner voice, like the creak of ancient doors: “The river does not flow to the sea; it flows into you. Every drop is a tear from a time you never lived.”

And he smiled, a mysterious smile—like the smile of the Sphinx.

## The Fourth Mirror: The Stream of Consciousness

The night… oil burning in the lamps… a tiny fly dissolving in the light… the sound of a cricket, like a hidden drum, beating in his ear… the skin sweats… the perfume clings… the wind passes… the wind is my mother… my mother laughs… my mother weeps…

Why do people insist that death is far away? Death sits here at my feet, like a black cat waiting for me to open the door.

## The Fifth Mirror: Philosophy

Ankh Ra said to himself: “The gods we created not to worship, but to behold their reflection in our eyes.

Humans fashion their gods from the air of desire and the air of fear, then glorify the very illusion… so they might find answers to questions that have no answer. So that man may forget he is mortal.

Love is but an attempt for body to touch soul, and soul to touch body. Death does not come from outside; it grows within us like a flower—a black flower with the scent of honey.”

# The Second Song

## The God – The Hidden Voice

One night, Ankh Ra returned to the edge of the desert, where there was no wall and no temple, only a void shimmering like an eternal eye. There, he stood stripped of everything: of his name, his sword, his wisdom.

Suddenly, the sky flashed like a mirror of gold, and he heard the Voice.

## The Encounter

He saw no form, no body. Yet the voice was closer than his blood, and farther than the sun. It said to him: “I am the one you seek in the mirrors. I am the unseen, yet every mirror is made from my face.”

Ankh Ra trembled. He asked: “Are you the god?” The voice laughed: “I am the question that makes you utter this word.”

## The Sensory Experience

The air became wine, the sands became wings, the veins became shining rivers. His body was no longer his own; it became another body—vaster, greater.

## The Symbolism of Annihilation

The voice said: “You will not see me unless you vanish, and you will not know me unless you forget that you are you.”

Then Ankh Ra understood that God was not a distant being, but the emptiness that compels you to fill it with meaning.

## The Conclusion

And when he returned from the desert, he was still a man—but within his chest he carried a voice that would not fall silent. He smiled to himself: “God is not an answer, but an echo without end.”

## Worship – The Silent Procession

At a mysterious dawn, Ankh Ra entered the temple. The priests stood in a long procession, carrying vessels of oil and incense, chanting hymns no one could understand. The walls trembled with their carvings, and the statues seemed to be gazing at him.

## The Encounter

He sat among them, but he was not one of them. He raised his hands as they raised theirs, and bowed as they bowed. Yet his heart kept asking: “Does the god hear us, or do we only hear ourselves?”

## The Sensory Experience

The smell of incense choked him… The drums beat like a strange heart… The chants climbed the walls of his chest until they nearly tore it open.

## The Symbolism of Worship

He saw worship as both chain and freedom: A chain, for the body submits to collective movements; A freedom, for the soul escapes with the words beyond the stone.

## The Conclusion

He left the temple wondering: “Does God need our rituals? Or do we need rituals, to convince ourselves He is there?” Yet he knew that worship was not for God, but for the heart that fears silence.

## Suffering – Blood and Shadow

On a moonlit night, Ankh Ra found himself alone with his wounds. They were not only wounds of the sword, but wounds of the soul bleeding from too many mirrors. He sat upon a cold stone, and felt that the night itself was an open wound.

## The Encounter

No god visited him, nor woman, nor voice. Only his pain came to him. It whispered: “We are the mirrors you flee. We are the ones that make you human.”

## The Sensory Experience

Pain was a stab… then warmth… then trembling. Every breath was fire, every tear was salt. The earth was hard, yet it embraced his broken body as a mother embraces her child.

## The Symbolism of Suffering

He understood that suffering was neither punishment nor curse. It was the chisel that reveals the metal of the soul. Through suffering, man sees his limits and knows he is not a god, yet also not a stone.

## The Conclusion

He lifted his head to the sky, tears still hot upon his cheeks. He said to himself: “Suffering is not death, but another life within life.” Then he rose—weak, but with deeper understanding.

# Ankhu-Ra – Song of the Datana

## The Mirror and the Pain

Ankhu-Ra was nothing but a shadow sitting in a palace built from sands embroidered with lotus shadows and the tears of the Nile.
And when he gazed into an ivory mirror, he did not see his face, but faces calling him:
the face of a god, the face of nothingness, the face of a crying child, and the face of an old man searching in a silent sky.

Suddenly, the walls trembled, and the mirror turned into a window.
Behind it, a black river overflowed with countless agonies:
hunger gnawing at stomachs,
loss carving into hearts,
desires unattained, and others attained only to turn into emptiness.

He heard the murmur of the water:
*"Pain is the first teacher. It is the one that creates religions, and the one that breaks them."*

## The Lotus of Serenity

On the surface of the river floated a lotus flower radiating a calm light.
He recognized it: it was **serenity**.
Not the fruit of fulfillment, nor the fruit of killing, but the root of **Datana**, growing in the heart like a tree that harms no one.

## The Rooms of the Palace

He saw the palace as countless rooms:
a room for many gods,
a room for the one God,
a room for philosophy,
a room for nothingness.

And all the rooms opened into a single corridor, and the corridor ended at a floating flower.
Ankhu-Ra laughed and said:
*"Every path, whether a religion or no religion, flows like a small river toward a single flower: the flower of Datana."*

## The Ink and the Paper

He heard a whisper inside him:
*"The purpose is the ink, and you are the paper."*

Then he understood:
Religions try to erase the ink or add to it, while non-religion is the attempt to abandon the book entirely.
But the book does not vanish, and the white mirror called **Datana** is the only one that reflects the light of the soul.

## Declaration of the Purpose

In a moment of clarity, Ankhu-Ra stood and said:
*"The purpose is neither God nor His absence. The purpose is serenity. The purpose is **Datana**, where we all sit together to dream, to suffer, and to love."*

And in the heart of that chamber, he wrote upon the wall:
*"Pain is a question… Datana is an answer… and serenity is an endless dream."*

## The Whispers of the Night

The night… wraps like a heavy cloud…
Distant footsteps… the rustle of a garment… the garment is Datana… and Datana protects everyone…
The skin trembles… a window without glass… the wind howls… the wind is my daughter… my daughter weeps… my daughter sings…

Why do they say death is strange?
Death sits on my shoulder, like a raven waiting for me to close my eyes.

## The Question of Purpose

Ankhu-Ra said to himself:
*"What is the purpose of every religion, and what is the purpose of every non-religion? Isn't the purpose one? Isn't the purpose **Datana**? That man may cease harming himself, cease harming his being, cease harming others and everything around him?"*

Then he whispered, as if his voice was singing:
*"Datana is not a robe worn by believer or unbeliever. It is the natural outcome of surviving pain, and the power to refrain from planting pain in others. Datana is the purpose, the final river into which all rivers flow."*

## The Inner Mirror of Being

Inside you… a room without walls.
You sit there alone.
No one enters it. No one knows its shape.

It is not your body… but your being.
Not something to be touched… but to be felt.
A faint voice rises from your depths, like breaths that never end.

Do not try to teach it… for it is older than you.
Do not try to fix it… for it has never been broken.
Just let it flow, as the river flows in the dark.

When you listen to it, you will know:
that you need no one to give you happiness.
That your peace does not come from the outside… but emerges from your chest, like a small red light.

Every inner being is a fingerprint.
A fingerprint like no other.
Even if a billion people around you believe in the same idea,
each one of them will believe in a different idea…
because his inner fingerprint is not yours.

Your being is not fixed.
It changes like the phases of the moon.
It smiles in the morning, and grows angry at night.
But still… it remains you.

Your task is not to imprison it or to judge it…
but to sit with it, to listen, to endure.
To trust that when you accept it, you will become free.
And when you become free… your own **Datana** will be born.

# The Final Song

## The First Mirror: Return

On a cloudy morning, Ankh Ra returned to the streets of Thebes.
People sold fish, children ran, and the sun painted gold upon the walls of clay houses.
Yet everything seemed transparent to him, as if he saw the world through a curtain of water.

He stopped at a small shrine, placed his hand upon the stone, and whispered:
*"I am not Ankh Ra... I am only the echo of his name in the ear of time."*

Then he smiled, walked, and vanished among the crowds, like a dream melting into a long day.

## The Second Mirror: Childhood – The Lotus of Water

### Songs of Childhood

Ankh Ra was not a child, but a small lotus flower sleeping on the chest of the Nile.
In the fields, he ran among the tall stalks of wheat, as if they were a golden forest whispering to him:
*"You are not a body, but a melody, and every ear of wheat is a string in your song."*

He heard his mother's laughter from afar, blending with the cries of birds, and with the creak of animals pulling the plow through mud.
Her laughter was not laughter, but a bell of water falling from an unseen waterfall.

### The First Dreams

On his first night beneath the moonlight, he dreamed that the moon descended from the sky to play with him.
The moon became a ball of wet clay. He stretched out his hand to mold it into a small statue.
But when he finished, he found the statue gazing at him with eyes of light.

The statue said:
*“I am you when you grow, but you will not know me except when you close your eyes.”*

Ankh Ra awoke in tears, not knowing whether he wept from fear of his future self or from fear of losing the dream.

**The Symbolism of Clay and Water**

Each day he descended into the Nile, naked as in the first birth.
The water was cold, stinging his skin, then turning into the embrace of a second mother.
The water was not water, but the memory of the earth.
Whenever he swam, he felt his body dissolve, his hands no longer hands but transparent wings, and that he was not human but a fish of light.

Inside him he heard a faint voice:
*“You will always return here, even if you become a king, a soldier, or a stone.”*

**The Sensory Flow**

The clay between his fingers… its smell like the flesh of the earth…
Flies hovering above cattle… their sound like hidden music…
His mother’s milk… the warmth of the chest… the trembling of tiny fingers…
The wind, the southern wind, carrying the scent of linen… linen is white… white is death… white is birth…
His mother sang… her song was water… and water never ends.

**Philosophical Reflection**

As a boy, Ankh Ra wondered:
Why are children born from the womb of mothers and not from the womb of the Nile?
Are not the waters more merciful than blood?
Are not the fish our siblings, as much as the siblings of our flesh?

Then he laughed to himself like a child who does not yet know the weight of questions:
*“Perhaps we are all nothing but fish that swam out of a long dream, searching for return.”*

### Conclusion: The Seed of Absence

One day in childhood, Ankh Ra was lost in the fields.
He wept until his voice drowned out the chirping of locusts.
Then a white butterfly landed upon his shoulder, and he calmed.
When his mother found him, she said:
*“Do not fear, my little one… all who are lost are brought back by the spirits.”*

And from that day, Ankh Ra carried within his heart a mysterious certainty:
That being lost is not death, but another path home.

## The Third Mirror: War – The Blood of the Sun

### The First Shock

Ankh Ra did not seek war.
But it came to him like a bloody sun rising without permission.
He saw soldiers marching through the streets, their shields gleaming like great mirrors, their swords shrieking with flashes.
They sang a coarse song, like the buzzing of a black bee hovering above a burning flower.

### The First Blood

In the square of Memphis, he saw a body for the first time.
It was not fully dead, but half alive:
The eye staring at the sky, the mouth open wanting to scream, but the air refusing to enter.
And the blood… so much blood… flowing like a small river seeking the sea.

Ankh Ra wished to stretch out his hand, to close the wound, but his hand froze.
And he felt the blood was not only that man’s blood, but the blood of the whole world.

**The Symbolism of Power and Perishing**

At night, when he closed his eyes, he did not see human faces.
He saw the sun itself bursting above the temple, pouring red upon the stones.
And he heard a voice within him say:
*“Power is not in the sword, but in knowing when to let it fall. Perishing is not the death of the body, but the death of mercy.”*

**The Sensory Flow**

The smell of burning iron… iron is fire… fire is sky…
Horses neighing… the sound is thunder… thunder is melody… melody is weeping…
Bodies sweating… sweat is salt… salt is wound…
The eyes of enemies… filled with fear… filled with mirrors… the mirror is me… I am him… he is me…

**Philosophical Reflection**

Ankh Ra asked himself:
Why must man kill his own likeness to prove he is alive?
Is it not enough to breathe? To laugh? To love?
Then it occurred to him that war may be nothing but a long shadow of lost love.
As if men fought only to find the hearts they had lost.

**Conclusion: The Seed of Anger**

After the battle, Ankh Ra sat upon a rock by the Nile.
He washed his hands, but the blood clung to his skin like an unerasable tattoo.
He looked at his reflection in the water, but he did not see his face.
He saw a mask of red clay, with eyes that were not his own.

He smiled a bitter smile and said within himself:
*“Today, I am no longer a child of lotus… I have become a stone of blood.”*

# The Fourth Mirror: Wisdom – The Silence of the Stars

## Sitting by the Nile

Ankhu-Ra sat on the banks of the Nile after the wars had quieted.
He no longer saw in the water the reflection of his youthful face, but another, stranger one, as if time itself had drawn its lines upon the surface of the river.
His inner voice no longer screamed, but whispered.
And the whisper, in his heart, was deeper than any scream.

## Stones of Knowledge

He entered an abandoned temple, its walls covered with inscriptions—letters carved like wounds on the body of stone.
He read them, or imagined he did, for they were not words, but silent sounds.
Each letter was like a star, and each star like a question.

He heard a voice say:
*"The gods are not in the sky, they are in your breath. When you speak a word, you give birth to the universe anew. When you fall silent, you return it to the womb of nothingness."*

## The Symbolism of Time

Ankhu-Ra no longer saw time as a straight thread, but as widening circles.
The circle of childhood still glowed within him, the circle of war still bled, and the circle of an incomplete love spun far away on the horizon.

He said to himself:
*"Time is not a river that flows, but a lotus unfolding. Each petal opens another, and each flower hides its death in its own heart."*

## The Sensory Flow

The scent of the night… the night is ink… the ink absorbs the stars… the stars are eyes… the eyes are watching…
The texture of the stone… the stone is cold… the cold is silence… silence is wisdom… wisdom is a quiet fire…
The Nile breathes… its breaths are incense… the incense is a dream… the dream is me… and I am smoke dissolving into air.

## Philosophical Reflection

He asked himself:
*"Why does man die?"*
And he answered:
*"Because eternity is heavy like stone, and only death is light like a breeze."*

And he said:
*"Love, war, childhood… they are nothing but names we give to a single moment. Existence knows only the present, but we shatter the present into fragments so as not to choke on its light."*

## Conclusion: The Silence of the Stars

That night, Ankhu-Ra sat atop the temple, the sky stretching like a black sea studded with pearls.
He felt the stars were not distant, but tiny holes opening onto another world, a world resembling a mirror.

He closed his eyes and heard a voice—was it his own, or the voice of the cosmos?
*"Whoever knows himself becomes a river. And whoever becomes a river knows that everything flows into the sea."*

Ankhu-Ra smiled a gentle smile—unlike the smile of war, unlike the smile of childhood.
It was the smile of wisdom, a smile that needed no words.

# The Fifth Mirror: Love – The Red Chamber

## The Return to the Temple

One evening, Ankhu-Ra returned to the temple he had known as a child, a sage, and a fighter. But the temple was not as he had left it.
The walls glowed as if washed with fire, and the columns trembled like fearful hearts.
In the depth of the stone passage, a door opened before him—a door that had never been there before.

The Red Chamber awaited him.

## The Encounter

The woman sat there, in her crimson robe, her breasts glowing like twin embers in the half-darkness, her black hair falling like night itself.
She had not aged, had not withered, as though she had been created from the very moment that had birthed his earliest dreams.

She said to him, her voice like a song:
*"Why have you returned so late, Ankhu-Ra? I never left this chamber—it was you who remained lost among the mirrors."*

He drew closer, his feet trembling, his chest rising as though he were a child running to catch his mother.

## Touch and Absence

He reached out to touch her, but her body was perfumed smoke, wavering, escaping his fingers.
Yet with its escape, the fragrance clung to his skin, seeped into his blood.
The fragrance was not merely a scent—it was a memory, a remembrance of something he had never lived.

She said:
*“Love is not a body. It is your fragrance when it remembers me, your voice when it calls to me without sound.”*

## The Sensory Flow

The color red… is it blood? A pomegranate flower? Or the flame of the setting sun?
Breaths warm… like the desert wind… yet sweet… like melted honey.
The skin sweating… the sweat bitter… bitterness is the sea… the sea is her chest… her chest is a sky… the sky shattering into stars.

## The Symbolism of Soul and Body

They sat facing each other. He did not touch her, yet she was within him, as the Nile dwells within a grain of clay.

He said to her:
*“I want you.”*

She smiled and replied:
*“If you want me as a body, you will lose me. If you want me as a soul, you will dissolve into me. Choose which death you desire.”*

And Ankhu-Ra knew then that love was a double death: the death of the body when it burns, and the death of the soul when it unites.

### Conclusion: Passion as Eternity

That night, he did not leave the Red Chamber.
He slept in her embrace—or dreamed he did—or imagined he was the dream itself.
And when he awoke, she was gone. All that remained was an ordinary wall, cold, without color.

But upon his skin he smelled a new fragrance, one Thebes had never known before.
He smiled and said to himself:
*"Love is not a meeting, but a trace. Not a body, but a river leaving its scent in the clay."*

Then he walked out into the city streets, carrying within him a Red Chamber that would never fade.

## The Sixth Mirror: Death – The Final River

### The Final Call

On a gray morning, Ankh Ra awoke to an inner voice resembling the murmur of distant drums. It was neither the sound of war nor song, but a faint call: "Come closer... the time has come."

He felt his body heavier than the earth itself. His steps upon the road were like stones being dragged into the depths of the Nile. He knew the end was not far, and that death was no longer a black cat at his feet, but a white eagle spreading its wings above his head.

## The Departure Through the Body

He sat upon the bank of the Nile, the place that had witnessed his childhood, his wars, his love, and his wisdom. He dipped his hands into the water and felt his blood dissolve into the current. Looking at his skin, he found it turning transparent, like an ancient papyrus slowly erasing its words.

And he said to himself: “I was nothing but a vessel, and the vessel must break for the soul to be freed.”

## The Stream of Senses

The scent of clay… clay is a grave… the grave is a womb… the womb is a beginning… The breeze is cold… coldness is a hand… the hand is gentle… the hand is his mother… his mother sings… The voice is distant… the voice is near… the voice is me… The eyes dissolve into light… the light is water… the water is a door… the door is open.

## The Symbolism of Death

He saw death not as an enemy, but as a bride wearing a black gown encrusted with stars. She drew near, did not touch him, yet sat by his side. She whispered: “You searched for me in war, in love, in wisdom. But I was not there. I was here, in every breath that left you.”

Then Ankh Ra smiled and said: “Then you are no stranger… but older than my mother, and closer than my blood.”

### Farewell

His head fell slowly upon her shoulder, like a child falling asleep after long play. He did not resist, did not fear, but surrendered himself as a lotus flower surrenders its body to the Nile.

And in his final moment, he saw all his mirrors shatter and turn into light: Childhood, war, wisdom, love… all merging into a single circle.

He spoke in a voice heard by no one: “I am not Ankh Ra, I am only the river that swallows my name and returns it to the sea.”

Then he was silent.

## The Seventh Mirror: Immortality – The Song of the Nile

### Resurrection of Light

Ankh Ra did not die as men die. When he closed his eyes, he did not close them upon darkness, but upon light flowing like a river without banks. His body dissolved, no longer bones nor flesh, but a grain of gold floating upon the surface of existence.

### The Journey of the Soul

He saw himself walking in a long passage, its walls not of stone but of clear water shining with stars. The birds he had known in childhood were flying above him, but their wings were made of glowing hieroglyphs.

He heard voices resembling priestly chants, but spoken not in human tongue, but in the language of spirits—language understood by the heart before the ear.

### The Symbolism of Myth

A solar boat appeared before him, its sail of light, its oars of moonlight. It called him to board, and he knew he was sailing the same journey once taken by Osiris and Ra. He was not afraid, but felt the sea before him was the chest of the universe, and that he had not left earth but returned to a home older than earth itself.

On the horizon, he saw the faces of those he loved: His mother, his father, soldiers who once laughed with him and fell, the woman of the red chamber… Yet their faces were not faces, but little suns smiling and dissolving into the light.

### The Stream of Senses

The fragrance… not incense, but the perfume of the Nile awakening at dawn… The color… not a color, but a rainbow breaking into a thousand rivers… The sound… not a sound, but the trembling of a butterfly's wing filling the universe… The touch… not a body, but the warmth of a dream embracing its dreamer.

### Philosophical Reflection

Ankh Ra said within himself: "Life was but a long dream, and death is not its end, but the awakening of another dream. I thought I was a single being, but I was a drop. And immortality is knowing I am part of the sea."

## The Final Chapter: The Union

### The Last Union

He drew near the Nile, but the Nile was not water—it was a heavenly mirror reflecting the face of the cosmos. He plunged into it without fear, and his body became a melody, the melody a wave, the wave a secret.

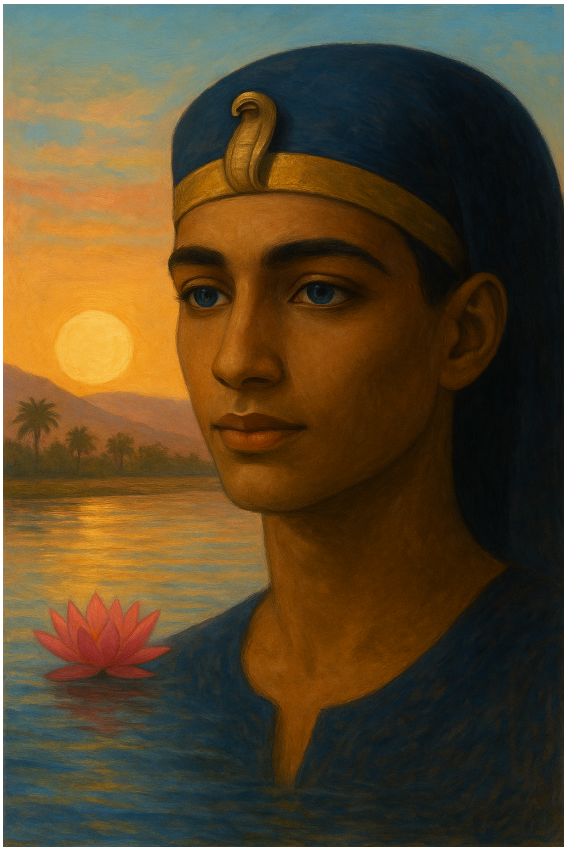
Ankh Ra was no longer a name, nor a face, nor a body. He became a song within the flow of the river, a song echoed by the wheat when it sways, sung by the birds at dawn, whispered by women in tales of love.

## Conclusion: The Eternal Mirror

And thus, he did not vanish, but expanded. He was not buried in Thebes, but in the hearts of all who dream, who love, who fear death and then smile at it.

The final mirror did not break, but became a circle without end. And within it, his voice was heard—not as a word, but as eternity itself: “I am Ankh Ra… I am the Nile… I am the Lotus… I am Immortality.”

*Ankh Ra*



## Preface of the Manuscript – The Song of Mirrors

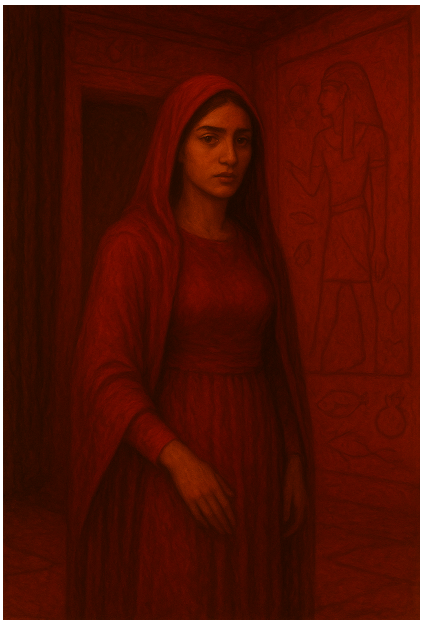
**"This book is not a book, but a mirror. What lies between its pages does not recount the life of a man, but the life of the Nile when it dreams of itself.**

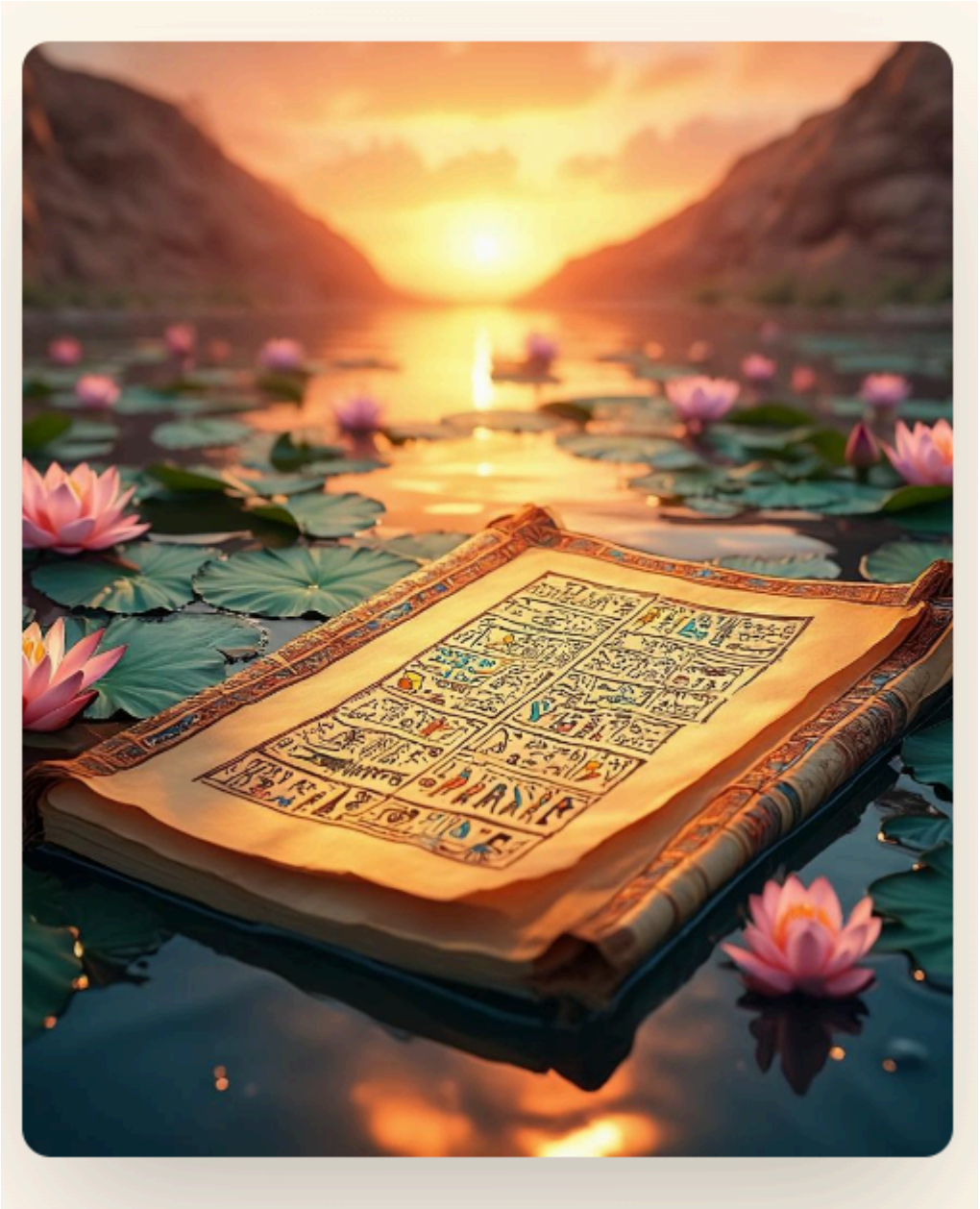
**It is the trace of Ankh Ra, son of Thebes, who was not merely human, but a lotus flower in his childhood, a blood-stained stone in war, a sage in his silence, a lover in his red chamber, a shadow dissolving in death's embrace, and then an eternal song in the chest of the Nile.**

**Whoever reads these pages will see a face that does not resemble him completely, yet is made of his own blood and soul. Ankh Ra was not a person, but a symbol— the symbol of childhood, love, war, wisdom, and immortality.**

**And whoever opens these mirrors will not find merely the story of a man, but the story of his own soul reflected in the play of light and water.**

***Let the book be opened... and let the journey begin.***





© All Rights Reserved
Ankh Ra – 2025